

Golden Sun: Age of Darkness

Story: Golden Sun: Age of Darkness

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/4028519/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Chapters: 8

Author: koa

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/1250614/>

Last updated: 11/29/2009

Words: 8279

Rating: T

Status: In Progress

Content: Chapter 1 to 8 of 8 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: This is set after Golden Sun: The Lost Age. It's just something that I wanted to get down, so read and review and whatnot.

***Chapter 1*: A Prelude**

Disclaimer: As I'm sure you guessed, Golden Sun does not belong to me, but the characters from this fanfic do. I hope you like it, and please read and review. Ideas, criticism, whatever. Yup.

Golden Sun: Age of Darkness

A Prelude

"Many many years ago, before king Oscur, before grandmamy, and before grandmamy's grandmamy the light of Alchemy shone all over Weyard. It was a time known as the Golden Age. Through their Alchemy adepts were able to create brilliance. They lived in peace and harmony, with the power they possessed lighting the way."

"Why isn't it like that anymore mommy?" The little girl asked, sitting on her mother's lap. Around her, sat her family: a tall man with sandy hair over a face cracked with many trials and pale brown eyes that no longer shone, but lay glazed over and dead, a wizened old woman with gray silk flowing behind her as she rocked along to the crackle of the fireplace, a boy who was ready to be a man, although not yet a teen, whose face echoed his father's except for the eyes that still darted slowly around the room, only tired. The young girl herself had brilliantly gold eyes that flashed brightly as the weathered story told itself once more. She sat in her mother's lap and embrace. Her mother was also fully alive, sparking the fires of a story so beaten it seemed impossible that it could ignite so gracefully to the girl. Now though, she thought carefully before answering.

"These adepts had amazing powers. They were very—special."

"Like me!" squealed the girl in delight, quite pleased with herself.

"Yes, just like you." The mother replied. In the background the boy groaned in disgust at his sister, feeling both exasperated and envious at the same time.

"Unfortunately," she continued, "wherever there is a source of great power, there are people who try to take advantage of it. When this happened 4 brave warriors locked away the powers of alchemy."

The little girl gasped and her brother groaned again, but got closer, also as eager to hear the same story.

"Those ancient civilizations slowly began to wane and disappear and so a new group of heroes came about. They found out that it was the lack of alchemy that destroyed those earlier civilizations and would eventually destroy Weyard."

Outside a soft plumping noise began and eventually turned into the clamoring of a storm.

"Then what happened mommy?"

"Well everything seemed fine until King Lufiz and his eldest son, Prince Blite, died. King Lufiz had taken our lands and helped to create one society of peace. Many people, however, were angry. They were expecting the blessings of alchemy to spread much farther than they did. So with King Lufiz's death came about the reign of his youngest son. Well, young Shadi was much too young to lead, so Oscur came to power. Then people began to disappear. First it was

Shadi himself, then adepts around the kingdom. Eventually "King" Oscar began his cleanse and purge policy. He himself was a Jupiter adept, and I know you won't understand since you're only 8 years old, but he began to convince people that any other adept, besides himself, was evil.

"I'm not evil am I, mama."

"Of course not, but people are scared of Oscar and his new 'protection agency.'" She said. After a short pause she went on. "... Hannah, I told the Jonas' that young Edward's hand was burned on the stove."

"Mommy..." the youngster began, confused with the sudden shift in subject.

"Hannah, me and your daddy, and grandmama, and Gidy love you very much..."

"Mommy...?"

"Hannah—I want you to promise me that you'll never use your powers..."

"But mommy! I told Edward I was sorry..."

"Hannah we can't risk anyone finding out."

"Mommy..., but I'll be careful mommy..."

"I'm sorry Hannah, but we forbid you from using your psynergy. It's too dangerous."

"Mommy!" the girl cried, crestfallen as she realized that the story wasn't going to end the same way that night.

"Mommy..." she whispered, eyes glistening in their final

tears. "I promise. I won't do anything to get you or daddy in trouble."

"That's my girl." Her mother replied, tears slowly rolling down the length of her face. "Now, why don't you-"

Suddenly a crash fell from outside. As they all turned they saw a man in official clothes barge in followed by several armed men.

"May we help you?" The father asked, instantly between his family and the protection agency.

"We've come for a Hannah Welles. She has been reported as an adept."

"There must be some mistake..."

"There's no mistake sir. Hand us the girl and **your** sentence will be- lessened."

"Sentence?"

"For aiding an adept-scum."

"Aiding an... you mean raising my daughter?" he spit at the soldiers. "Is that a crime now?"

"If she's an adept."

"Daddy?"

"Quiet, honey, these guys can't take you from us. Gladys, take her upstairs. Ma, you take Gideon."

"But Mitchell" the mother protested.

"Go!"

"Sir, I'm afraid this will not look good on your record."

"You are not taking my daughter!" he shouted ready to protect his family at all costs.

"I'm afraid that this isn't your choice Mr. Welles. Glen!" he called signaling over a man from the soldiers. "Take care of this guy, eh?"

"Gladly." He answered, his cropped red hair streaked with a few gray hairs.

"No..." the father spluttered, fully aware of what was happening.

"Serpent Fume!"

Outside of the house, the storm kept its pace and oversaw the pain and destruction. The howls of the wind joined the cries of anguish from inside. Smoke filled the air and no one came to investigate. One light from a single house came on. From it a small face appeared. Mrs. Jonas, quiet and fearful, looked on with a dreadful look of confusion and fear. She closed her eyes and turned off the light.

From the ruins of the house came one last man, carrying a boy with sandy hair. The echo of his father in every way; down to the deadened eyes.

"What will we do with him?"

"Take him. Maybe Oscar will have some use for him."

They all made their way back in silence. No one would ask questions. No one would dare. It was the custom and the norm.

***Chapter 2*: Mikeal**

Disclaimer: Golden Sun and its characters and some of the references I will make are the sole property of... not me. I do however own most of the characters and things of this fanfic. Yup. So read, review, and enjoy.

Chapter 1~ Mikeal

20 years later

Mikeal quickly made his way through the rubble and rock. When he got to a set of pillars, arranged in their special way, he glanced around to make sure that no one would see and quietly muttered, "*Reveal*." Seemingly from nowhere, a set of stairs appeared leading downward and Mikeal made his way home. He followed the weathered path below in perfect routine; the slightly damp walls the same as always, stopping to look at himself in the puddle that always seemed to form itself at the same spot, and seeing his short blonde hair, cotton fluff that made him seem defenseless hanging slightly over a high forehead, mere inches from his pale purple eyes and small mouth that always seemed on the verge of saying something. He gazed for longer than usual. This was the only way that he ever saw himself. There was never any need to look at himself, but now he stopped, analyzing. He was on the verge of turning 20, and it had been so long since he began this life; living in secret, and doing what he did. He stared just a minute longer before remembering why he was there. He moved on, glancing back once more, and then reached 3 sets of reveal stone formations. He instinctively took the one on the left, knowing what hid behind the others and was instantly greeted by a shriek and hug.

"Mikai!" shouted a small face hidden in a bush of ruby-red hair. It was Kailey, a budding Mars adept of only 3. He nodded in her direction, but moved on with resolution. Around him the same walls he had just seen housed his small group. A few feet away sat a boy, with brown hair hanging over his eyes, and with a book in hand. His name was Matt, and at only 5 he saw his parents murdered for protecting him. He was now 8 and very quiet. Kailey slowly ambled over and laid her head in his lap, soon asleep. 2 more girls sat in front of Matt listening to him slowly mouthing from the beaten copy of *Weyard* by the scholar Kraden. Both were laden with short blonde hair, and were almost identical in every way.

Mikeal now housed 6 adepts besides himself, trying to make sure that Oscur's reign would do as little harm as possible. He knew that 6 adepts wasn't a lot, but it was something, and he couldn't let them die, or be taken by the "protection agency." He now, however, made his way towards the center room, and found the last 2 of his group. Helena, a girl of 13 with pale blue hair ending in brown tips sat on the floor and saw nothing. Her parents had come from an area where Mercury adepts were being killed in hundreds, so they blinded what should have been sapphire eyes, and dyed her hair to keep her abilities secret. Next to her stood a boy of 15, with dark brown hair hanging long behind his head. He stood tall, holding onto a sword in his hands. It was a small rusty thing he had found and took pride in using. Mikeal had found the boy as an infant, naming him Angel, and he became the first in his group of refugees. Now he helped to care for the younger kids.

As he made his way forward, the 2 realized his entrance. "Mikeal! Finally! What took you so long?"

"Angel, Helena, I told you guys that I would be late."

"Yeah, but..." Angel hesitated.

"But what?"

"The voice told us you were coming..." Helena quietly stated.

"The voice?"

"Yeah, it said you were coming to take us to the sanctum."

"A voice..." He too had come only because a strange voice had told him he needed to see Angel and Helena. "Why did it want me to take you to the sanctum?"

"He said he'd explain everything there."

"O.K. I'll be back in a while."

"But we want to go!" Angel protested.

"And the voice said that you would need us..." Helena chimed in.

Mikeal stood for a while. Should he take them? It would be dangerous. Who knew what this voice really was. "Sorry," he decided, "this is too dangerous. Stay here and watch the others."

He left quickly. Going to the sanctum was something that he did as little as possible. There were always creatures roaming through all of the area, and besides the ruins there wasn't much to look at. Especially after a few weeks ago when a group of Oscur's men had been down there. They stayed a few days and then left. Just thinking about it made him nervous. The only times he ever came was to get to the huge psynergy crystal at the base of Mt. Aleph. He didn't

need it much, but if there was ever an emergency he could come. Now he made his way through to the Sol Sanctum and, unbeknownst to him, 2 smaller adepts kept pace behind him.

***Chapter 3*: Payton**

Disclaimer: Golden Sun is the property of its owners. The character found here, however are my puppets, and under my control. Please read and review. Thanks

Chapter 2~Payton

It was a mistake. It should have never happened. She should have been able to better control herself. It didn't matter anymore, though. All she could look forward to now was the warmth of a noose. As she walked forward she felt an odd sensation; living life and observing it at the same time. Around her wrists, a set of metal rings kept her from using her hands, and the two armored men beside her could kill her a million different ways if she even *thought* of fighting back. She'd seen it. Out on the streets everyone seemed to wait for the next adept to go. So she walked on, and no one seemed to care.

Finally she began to see the outline of Oscur's castle. They'd be seeing Oscur himself. He liked to see the men he killed before they died.

In the wraps of metal her hands began to itch and she strained to not scratch. The guards might misjudge what she was doing. So she looked up and thought about before. She remembered her mom in the faintest memory. Just a face, smiling down, red hair hung loosely tickling her own face, a face she had seen not only in her mind, but in every reflective surface for the last couple of years, slowly emerging as time went by. Her father she remembered clearly; always empty. She had even seen him cry. He had taken her to the park and told her to wait at the swings while he went to the restroom. She waited. Swung back and

forth. Not until late did he come back, his face heavy. His eyes puffy with the remains of tears. This happened often. She'd stay at those swings for hours waiting. As the trips became more frequent they also seemed to last longer and finally she saw more than just the remains of tears. He would break down completely, and she'd be witness the whole time. At last they came to the park sans tears. She finally felt something like joy, as she ran and played, she saw her father in the distance watching. No tears. No breakdowns. He told her to wait again, and she waited for what she expected to be a short while. He was at last happy. He never came though. People asked questions and finally she was escorted out of that park by someone who said she was doing something wrong by staying there. She lived on the streets since then. Saw how everyone else did things. Learned to fend for herself. Became the expert 17 year old girl who made a mistake by getting mad over the wrong thing.

She would often remember that park. What she remembered though wasn't her dad. No, she would wonder how she was doing anything wrong by just being. How could she be asked to leave if she wasn't doing anything wrong? Maybe if she had been messing around it would be fine, but... she was just existing.

She almost tripped as she got to the steps leading to the castle doors, but it got her out of her thoughts. She realized that there were tears forming in her eyes. She didn't know if she just couldn't stand the metal rings anymore, if she was angry at the luxury that came from Oscur's squalor, or if it was something else. Either way it caught her off guard. She never cried.

They walked in and made their way along a long corridor. Finally in a huge room she saw Oscur. It had to be him. He

sat on an ornate throne high above the normal level. His hair long and a cold blonde so blonde it was almost white. His eyes were steel-like lavender. They threw daggers that seemed to penetrate through all feeling, and he rode on the air of importance he had stolen. In front of him stood a man in his late 20's or early 30's. He was tall with sandy hair and seemed to be having a very important conversation with the "king" that must have been making him nervous because he kept grabbing at the rims of his glasses and showing a tired set of eyes that seemed to have no light at all, taking it in but giving off an almost blank attitude completely made of habit as he spoke.

"Sire, I think that it would be most beneficial for us to send in a group to investigate. From the inscriptions on the stone your men found at Sol Sanctum it would seem that there is something hidden there."

"In a bunch of ruins? Whatever is hidden there is not likely to affect me in any way."

"But your highness, from what I can make out there is a strong power there. It's referred to as an accompaniment. Another form of psynergy. Or a blend of it. It's very jumbled information, but I assure you going there could only provide advancement."

"Another form of psynergy? ...Fine! Go. Take a group. I have always trusted your judgment. After all, it is all because of me. If you find anything, contact me immediately." The bespectacled man stood a moment longer-hesitant, then left.

Seeing that the conversation was over, the guard quickly made his way toward Oscur. "My lord, we have found another one."

"Ahhh!" he said with too much pleasure bleeding through his face. "And quite a pretty one she is too..." He slowly made his way to them and circled around her. "What's your name hon," he asked with a horrible smugness that bore into Peyton. She did her best to stay quiet. "Did no one ever teach you to respect your elders?" Oscar spat out.

That was all she could take. She was headed one way anyway, so she stood tall and did what she could—she spit in his face. The guards moved, ready to kill.

"No!" Oscar slowly walked around her. "Take her to the dungeon." The guard smiled viciously. "Yes sire." They walked her toward a set of doors, but she almost stopped when she realized that there was another face looking at her from the top of a long staircase. He was younger than her, but not by much, and his white-blond hair shone in the light. She was soon pushed on, however through many doors always heading down. Finally they stopped in a cold stone room, much different from the rest of the castle. The guard took out a key and pushed her into a tiny cell. "Let's see you spit at that."

He left and she stood for a long time. Finally fatigue won her over and she sat on the cold hard floor. She spent a couple of seconds trying to get comfortable when she heard a soft murmur.

"The cot's a whole lot more comfortable."

***Chapter 4*: Izaiah**

Disclaimer: Yes

Disclaimer: Yes. Golden Sun belongs, in no way, to me. It is the sole property of others. Forward and Onward to the story.

Chapter 3: Izaiah

He had never seen anyone like her. His sheltered life kept him far from the reach of social interaction. She, however, had something about her; in her long crimson hair, in eyes that burned in perpetual spirit, and an audacity that he had never experienced before. He found all of this in the one glance she granted him—before she was taken down to the dungeon.

Izaiah had been watching from the top of a long and elegant staircase that he had known since childhood. He saw her stand tall where men had collapsed and what was more, she humiliated his father. He could have felt anger. He could see an enemy in his father's disgracer, but he found nothing but an instant connection.

He had never known anyone his own age, or at the least, not for a very long time. His father did not approve of friends who were worth nothing in comparison to the prince he was. When he had been caught with a servant's son, both the boy and his mother were imprisoned in that infamous prison. Izaiah received the first of many lectures all with the same Lesson; he was the prince, and he was not equal to the rest. He alone with his father, was worthy, while all others were mere servants. The common folk. This lesson was one he learned quickly and he no longer sought friendship in fear for the other party.

For this reason he lived in the confines of solitude. His few acquaintances were nothing more than his tutors and teachers. One to teach him the policies he would need as the future king of Weyard, one to show him of philosophy, one to help him hone his gifts as a Jupiter adept, and; his favorite, Gideon, his professor of history, filled with the stories of an ancient past, before his father.

Izaiah knew that his father was not liked. In fact, he knew that his father was seen with fear, and rightfully so. Gideon taught him history without a bias. He learned of his father's rise to the crown, and knew everything. Sometimes he felt the greatest hate for his father, who doomed him to a life, stolen from others, but regardless, he was his father's son and he lived his life with solemnity.

When he saw the girl enter the doors leading down, his heart collapsed in its cage. He saw no hope for her, besides daydreams filled with ideas of saving her. He would make his way down that cursed walk and he would set her free. In those dreams he always emerged with her in his arms. He knew, though, that there was as little hope in these dreams, as there was in the girl's future.

He tried to push the girl from his mind as Gideon began his lesson.

"Alchemy takes its power from the four basic elements. These are...?"

Izaiah groaned, feeling a boring relapse in the usually interesting stories, and answered in a sigh, "Earth, Water, Fire, and Wind"

Gideon continued. "Right. These 4 Elements are the basis of all Weyard and of the tool we know as Alchemy. Adepts are a part of a long lineage that begins ages back, and they are in

turn divided into these 4 elements, i.e. the Venus, Mercury, Mars, and Jupiter clans. As a wind or Jupiter adept, you have in you the power that has been handed down through hundreds of ancestors, as does every other adept in Weyard."

"The 4 lighthouses send out the energy that, when combined formed all alchemy. When they were darkened they no longer produced their light or their powers. When they were re-lit they brought back Alchemy to our world. However, there is a dramatic difference between the alchemy we see now and the one from the Golden Age. The reach that Alchemy has on our world is vastly more limited. Why though? There are many things that we cannot explain. Everything is a combination of the 4 types of psynergy, but some things don't comply. Dark Matter and the Orihalcom are some of the world's biggest mysteries. There are many who can take certain items and smith them into fine weapons or armor. Each comes with its very own element. Sylph Feathers relating to the wind, Tear Stones relating to water, and so on. The dark matter and the Orihalcom, however have no known relation to any of the elements. Furthermore, they produce the strongest weapons known to mankind."

"As pointless as all this information seems, there is a very important point. In an excavation of the Sol Sanctum site, we found a tablet. It was filled with an older language, but after much investigation, I think that Sol Sanctum may hide the answer to all these mysteries. Your father has allowed me to go and do more studies. I have gotten permission to bring you along, if you would like."

Izaiah was dumbfounded. He would finally get a chance to leave this place for a while. Not only that, but he would be a part of Gideon's work. He answered instantly, "Of course!"

Gideon smiled down at him. "Great. That will be it for today, so you can go get ready. We'll be leaving tomorrow."

"Thank you," Izaiah shouted, running for his room. He slowed as he passed the doors to the dungeons. There was a good chance that by the time he came back, the girl would be gone. He couldn't stand the thought of leaving her here, but he couldn't give up this chance. As he got to his room he made a decision. He was going to break her out.

***Chapter 5*: Ryan**

Disclaimer: Golden Sun and each of its many characters belong to someone else.

Chapter 4: Ryan

He made his way through the streets quickly, and with a purpose, passing tents filled with the merchandise of small-time farmers. Fruit and produce stands littered every street and the morning rush of customers made it hard to navigate through the maze-like city. Within the brown and ragged cloak that he wore, his body bulged, threatening to tear the threadbare fabric. Under the hood his hair fell flat, a bold orange that only peeked out from the frayed hood. As he neared his destination he slowed and then stopped. He was in front of a small inn. He went inside and with a quick glance, saw that his partner wasn't there yet. He sat down and, taking up a majority of the small wooden bench placed at the entrance of the inn, began his wait.

Around him people rushed through their errands trying to seem as important as possible. Two guys in particular caught his attention. Dressed in armor and carrying long swords they stood at the front desk waiting for the innkeeper and talked loudly between themselves.

"I'm telling you," one began, "They've found something huge. Otherwise Oscar wouldn't have put Gidy in control."

"Seriously, though, how much control can Gidy have?" his friend asked jokingly.

"Well, he asked to take Isaac along and Oscar agreed." The first responded

"Isaac's coming?"

"That's what I hear."

"I guess it'll be good for him to get out of the palace and into society."

"Yeah, maybe, but Mt. Aleph is hardly society."

After this the conversation turned to the latest Mars Adept to be taken away, and Ryan stopped paying attention. He heard the door open and looked back in time to see Luke walk in, wearing the same kind of cloak. His, however, did very little to cover the long cobalt hair that framed his face. His thin wire-frame glasses were close to falling off the tip of his nose and the glazed eyes of grey-blue showed he was in deep thought. Ryan stood to greet Luke, instantly towering a foot over his bespectacled friend. Luke, however, quickly began to talk business.

"Ryan, something big is going on. I just passed by the castle and there is a big commotion going on."

"I know," said Ryan, surprising Luke, "I just overheard that Oscar is sending his advisor and his son out for something 'big.' They're headed for Mt. Aleph."

"This is huge, Ryan. I think that we may have to follow them."

Ryan groaned loudly. They had just returned from a long trip to the cliffs of Gondwan which had ended in the running from some of Oscar's men. He had hoped that he would get at least a few weeks at home to just relax.

He didn't have long to complain, though. Luke started walking out the door. "Come on," Luke started, "we have to

get to the camp and plan this out; it looks like we might have to leave pretty soon. Ryan grumbled to himself and followed, back into the maze that was Madra.

Soon they were out of the city and nearing a small lake. They made their way quietly, Luke deep in thought and a few steps ahead of Ryan who lumbered slowly behind, mumbling about his discomfort. Finally they reached the edge of the waters. Ryan pulled off the hood over his head and said, "Finally. It's so hot under these things."

"Hot? Are you not a Mars adept?" Luke said in mild annoyance. He pushed his glasses up just before they fell off his nose and then placed his arms in front of himself. "Parch" he said after making sure no one was around. The waters began to bubble and an orange light glowed on the water's surface. As the water evaporated a door was revealed. They climbed down a ladder and made their way inside. As they adjusted to the darkness they slowly saw their city, underground and hidden from the world. A city entirely of adepts.

"It's nice to be back in Alchym, no?" Ryan asked. Luke was hardly listening though as he made his way through the houses cut into the ground. Ryan groaned loudly and followed the thin man.

***Chapter 6*: Chapter 5 Veronica**

Golden Sun and its characters and stuff do not belong to me. The characters here do belong to me, though. In response to Gabby, I may put in some reference to the original gang, but that is still to be decided. Also, hopefully you can forgive me for taking so long... school left me going through killer writer's block. So—Almost a year later... Hope ya'll like this new chapter, and please review!

Chapter 5: Veronica

"The cot's a whole lot more comfortable." Veronica said. In the cage the new girl had let herself sit on the hard floor, and Veronica knew from experience that it would be impossible to get comfortable there. The girl turned towards her and stared.

"I didn't know there was someone else here." The girl said. Her voice made the girl seem young, and there was something small in it.

"It's all right. My name's Veronica." She waited, but the girl seemed to withdraw. After a few seconds she finally answered. "My name is Payton."

Veronica strained her eyes in the dim dungeon, but she could barely make out the girl in front of her. She stepped closer and spoke again. "Well, Payton, you're in good company. I'm guessing that you're an adept?" The girl was quiet once more. Veronica sighed. She had been there for 2 months now, and this was the first other person they'd put in her cage. Veronica waited a while longer before saying anything else.

"You know," she finally said, "if you're planning on not talking this whole time they might as well not have put you in here."

Payton didn't say anything for a long while and then, "So you're an adept?"

"I am." Veronica said proudly. "I'm a Venus adept. And thanks for saying something. That only thing that would have driven me crazier than being alone with silence is being with someone else and silence."

Payton stood up and said, "I'm a Mars adept."

"Mars huh? Don't suppose you could give us some light? No one ever comes down here unless it's time to give us the slop they call food or if they find any more adepts."

Payton looked around in the darkness and, feeling strange performing alchemy in the presence of another, especially after years of avoiding this, she waited. After a few more moments Veronica added, "If you really don't want to you don't have to. I'd just prefer to see my new cellmate is all." Payton made up her mind and quietly muttered "Flare." Using her mind to hold out a small wall of fire ahead of her. Veronica quickly grabbed at the sheets on her cot and tore off a piece. In the new light she was able to make out the walls of her encasement and after a few seconds of staring around she flung herself to a hidden chunk of missing wall and removed what to Payton looked like small box. She dipped the rags of cloth in the box and then touched a piece to the fire. Then she sat down and said, "Alright. Good job."

Payton stopped the flames and sat in front of the burning rags. She looked into the fire for a moment and then up at Veronica inquisitively. "Don't worry hon," Veronica said. "Besides it won't last long. I've been saving that oil drop in

case I ever had anything to look at. Now that I see you I don't suppose I'll have much more to see any time soon."

It was true, Payton thought. This would be one of the last things she'd see. This dark cage and this face. She looked at it for a while trying to memorize it. She could always use her psynergy later on but even so, she'd be dead soon. Oscur would keep her here and then it would be a quick execution. As she looked at Veronica she noticed the tangled mess of hair that hung below her waist. It was a dull brown with bits of cobweb and dirt tangled within. Her face was just as covered in dirt, and her clothes were ragged and torn. Yet she seemed to glow. Her face was smeared in crusty dirt but her eyes seemed to shine past all that.

"So why are you here, besides being an adept?" Veronica asked.

"Some guy saw me stealing some apples. He chased me pretty far. We were in the country by the time he caught up and cornered me by a small cave. He... he said he wouldn't tell anyone if I did him a favor and he tried to kiss me. I tried to pull away and then... I used my psynergy. I thought I could outrun him but I was tired and he turned me in."

"Pigs. All men are pigs." Veronica said.

"Well why are you here?" Payton asked.

"Me? I was caught trying to help someone."

"In trouble for helping someone?"

"In trouble for helping an adept." She cleared up.

"Oh..." Payton was quiet for a while more. In that space of silence the light went out and they sat in darkness.

"Well you're probably tired. Why don't you go to bed? The cot's lumpy but it's better than the floor." Veronica helped Payton up and to the bed. "Goodnight Payton."

Payton lay there for a few minutes wondering if it really was night. It was pitch black in here, but outside the sun might be shining. Outside it might be warm. She dreamed of this warmth and although she didn't know it she began to let out a small light from herself. She whispered in her sleep, "Aura," and the dream came to life as she snuggled within torn blankets and her psynergy.

"Hmm...." Veronica said. She stared in some amazement, at the red glow. It seemed to defy the darkness taunting it and daring it to smother it out. The glow began to grow and even she felt the warmth of its energy. She absorbed all she could enjoying herself for the first time in a long while and then sat down against the wall watching it go out.

***Chapter 7*: Luke**

Disclaimer: Golden Sun does not belong to me. Also, Chapter 4 came out without the last paragraph the first time I put it up so if you haven't seen the updated version you should check it out. Kind of applies to this chapter. Hope you enjoy and Read and Review. BTW Gay romance ahead so if you care, now you know.

Chapter 6: Luke

Luke walked quickly past the small and basic homes that lined his path. Around him he saw a few people walking or sitting or talking or working. They looked normal and happy. They weren't though. Not when you looked closely. Not when you saw the pale skin that hardly saw light. Not when you looked at the elders, whose eyes knew they could die in this underground mock of a world. They were happier than they'd be in jail, but they needed more. These adepts who were hunted for being who they were needed to be free.

As Luke headed farther into their little Alchym, the homes thinned out. Here in open spaces and tunnels one could see small sparkles and glowing lines. It was the trail of psynergy. It was what kept this place running, and what would ultimately save the world. Luke soon forgot about these lights as he continued onward. As he went more and more into the depths of their underground city he remembered what started this whole thing.

He had no parents. Well, that's not entirely true. Everyone has parents, but Luke had never known them. He had been abandoned at the gates of King Lufiz. It would have been to the orphanage for him, if any guard had found him, but it was the king himself who found the young Luke wrapped in

blankets. It was the king who had personally found a family for him.

Luke lived his life with a nice family and he had food and comfort. Being left by himself might have been the best thing his real parent's did for him. More than everything though the king introduced Luke to young Shadi. Prince Shadi was 2 years younger than him, but they were great friends. For the first 10 years of his life he was the happiest he had ever been. Unfortunately the fall of these times had to come. King Lufiz became sick and that's when the deaths started. Then Oscur came to power. Lufiz had known of Oscur's intentions. Shadi had told Luke his father was preparing a secret place of escape. Shadi showed Luke these tunnels when they were first nothing but hard rock and moss.

When Oscur came to power, this was where Luke hid. This was how the resistance began. It was the last work of Lufiz. He and Shadi's brother died. The world mourned their lost leaders, and poor Shadi. Left with only Oscur. Oscur's reign was one of terror though, and the world couldn't mourn the deaths of Lufiz and Blite, or the disappearance of Shadi.

"We're here."

Luke looked around. He saw Ryan standing at his side and shook himself from his thoughts. "Sorry," he apologized, "I was thinking."

"Yeah," Ryan answered, "you do that a lot. I'm used to it. Just have to knock you out of it every once in a while. So let's go."

They headed into the building. It was the largest in Alchym, and even so, it wasn't too big by outside standards. Inside it was occupied by little furniture. A few tables and some

chairs, all covered in papers and random items left without notice by people with bigger problems than cleanliness. Luke stood with Ryan in the entrance and waited for a while. Finally they heard steps. From a small and creaking staircase a young man came up. His hair was short and a pale blue and his eyes were small on his face. He wore a light tunic and said nothing as he came up. As he came to them both Ryan and Luke stared.

"Luke, it's good to have you back. Ryan I hope you're well." The young man stood in the dim lights of his home, shorter and slimmer than even Luke. Luke stared and his heart skipped as it did every time they saw each other. He pushed his glasses back up and said, "Prince Shadi, we're both well and glad to be back, but I think we may have reason to go off once again."

Prince Shadi had disappeared to join Luke in his father's tunnels soon after Oscur's takeover. It was he who had established this place for adepts everywhere continuing the legacy of his father. He frowned slightly and then ushered them into his home. "It's been years, Luke, and yet you still refer to me as Prince. Now Oscur sits in the castle and you do not need to keep up this childhood habit." He slipped his hand into Luke's warm one.

Luke smiled and blushed saying, "It's more than a childhood habit. You are the rightful prince and king." After placing a well aimed peck of a kiss on Shadi's cheek he finished, "and no matter the official title, you'll always be my prince."

Ryan cleared his throat and the two young lovers came out of their world. "Right." Luke said, "We've found out that Oscur's sending an important group out to Mt. Aleph. A group containing his son."

They let this sink in and Shadi answered, letting himself lean into Luke, "Well then I suppose you're right. You'll have to leave immediately."

***Chapter 8*: Izaiah II**

Disclaimer: Golden Sun isn't mine. Done and Done. Please read and review. Thanks for reading.

Chapter 7 Sanctum

Izaiah stood at the foot of his bed stuffing a few sets of clothes into a bag. He then went to the wardrobe standing on the other side of his tidy room and reached for the bottom back corner feeling around for a small box. As he walked back to his bed he closed his door and locked it. Placing the box on his bed, he focused on six circles arranged to form a hexagon on the top of the old box and muttered "*Reveal*." The circles glowed briefly and a keyhole became visible in their center. Izaiah took a small key from a necklace hidden under his tunic and opened the box revealing a few old ratty papers, several beaten up items, and a small notebook. He looked longingly at the contents of the box and then sighed. It was all he had left of his mother.

He first picked up a small stack of papers tied together with a piece of golden ribbon. He gently placed these love letters from his father to his mother besides the box. He had read them many times before, and it always surprised him to find his father's writing to be so loving. Next he picked up a bracelet of green beads and he placed them around his wrist feeling the warmth that always accompanied them. He remembered the first time he found the secrets of this box his mother had left him after her death. He had placed the bracelet on then and cried when he felt the warmth of the beads that had been in a box for years. He had imagined it was his mother holding his wrist.

Izaiah quickly put his attention back to the box and took out a necklace with a chipped piece of purple rock on it and placed it on, hidden under his tunic next to the key for this box, feeling the same warmth of the bracelet on his chest now. Finally he took out one more piece of jewelry. A ring with a pure blue rock on a golden band. As he placed it on he saw himself in a mirror. His white-blond hair matched his father's, but as he saw his pale purple eyes, so different from his father's steely ones, his memory triggered an image of a woman with his eyes and soft blond hair looking down at him with love. She was a small woman, just like Izaiah himself was a small guy. His mother's ring and bracelet had fit him so easily, something that would not happen to most. He closed his eyes trying to make the image come back and last, but finally he went back to the box.

He was about to put the love letters back when he decided to pick up another paper. This one was hastily scribbled in his mother's small writing. He read it a few times and felt that his mother was there with him.

Izaiah,

My beautiful boy. I hope that one day you'll be able to see this. I won't show it to your father. I can't bring myself to do it. He's changed and I can't help but feel responsible. I know that I have very little time left, though. I have very little left. But what I have is yours. It belongs to you—your heritage as much as anything your father may give to you. As much as your name and as much as your power. Your power, which I know you will cherish and use much better than I or than your father will. It is that which will lead you to these belongings. I dream of your future being bright and filled with light, although I can't say that darkness won't be a part of it. For all light has shadow and all good comes with bad.

Know that I love you, that my entire life was made to love you and your father. Things have changed, though...

I love you, Izaiah. I truly do. I regret so many things, but I love so many more, and none as much as you. Take care of your father, of your heritage, of yourself, and of your Home.

*Forever Yours,
Aiera*

Izaiah stared at the words until they became no more than scribbles to his eyes, and finally put all of the papers back in the box and closed it, locked it, and hid it back in his wardrobe. This would be his first time going out of the castle and out of the city, and he felt more comfortable thinking that his mother was going to be there with him. He picked up the bag with his things and walked out, his mind now on something else.

Earlier Gideon had told him that he had convinced Izaiah's father to let him bring along 3 adepts from the dungeon with him. He seemed to think that having all 4 elements would be a key part of whatever he was going to do. Now he had a way to save the girl in the dungeon. If he could get Gideon to choose the girl to be one of the adepts she would have a much better chance of survival than she would stuck in the dungeon waiting for his father to decide her time was up. So Izaiah made his way downstairs and waited for Gideon just outside the door leading down to the dungeon.

"Hello, Izaiah. Are you all ready?" Gideon said cheerfully as he approached.

"Yes, Gideon. Are you going to pick the adepts that will be coming with us?" Izaiah asked in an innocent tone.

"Yes, would you like to accompany me?" Gideon asked.

"Sure." Izaiah responded following Gideon through the doors. As he walked onward he felt a coldness as he realized this hall meant horror to so many. As they got closer it got colder and finally they were in the dungeons. Gideon turned on a lamp and by the dim light Izaiah faintly saw the many cages. He tried to keep his nerve up and coolly said, "Maybe you should pick young ones so they're easier to keep under control."

Gideon looked troubled seeing the pits of the castle he lived in, but taking charge he walked down the rows of prisoners and picked out an older man with gray hair and pockmarked face. The man stood slowly and after Gideon put him in handcuffs he stood beside me staring into the darkness. Gideon again took to looking through the cages. Izaiah looked around and realized that he couldn't ever find her in this darkness. How would he choose the right one? That's when he saw it. A small spark of color. Ruby red.

"How about that one?" he asked quickly.

Gideon turned and looked at her for a moment and then nodded. He walked into her cell and she shouted, "What's going on?"

Gideon answered as he placed cuffs on her too, "You're coming with us to serve the will of His Majesty, Oscur."

The girl struggled for a moment until another voice from her cell said, "What kinda serving is she gonna do?"

A brown haired woman appeared and Gideon said, "Special work."

"No, you aren't taking her. Take me if you want, but leave her be."

Gideon sighed and then said, "You're a Venus adept, no?"

The woman was quiet and then nodded curtly.

"Then you can just come too," Gideon said putting cuffs on this woman too and standing her next to the older man. Gideon then called loudly and several armed men came to escort this odd group back. As they walked Gideon said, "None of you are to talk, nor to ask questions. You will follow and when we return you will be given—payment."

Izaiah heard little after this as he tried to glance at the beautiful red-head. They made it out of the dungeons and after bidding farewell to his father, Izaiah joined the group on the castle grounds ready to go.